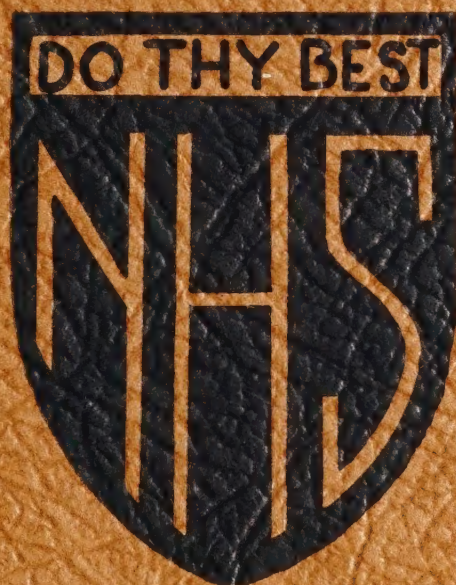


NORFOLK  
HOUSE  
SCHOOL  
REVIEW



1947







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NORFOLK HOUSE SCHOOL



*“ Do Thy Best and Rejoice With Those That Do Better.”*



# *Editorial*

The Editors have asked me to write something for the Magazine to take the place of the usual Editorial.

It occurs to me that new subscribers may be interested to hear something about the Magazine itself.

The Editors of the first number which appeared in 1940 had leanings towards journalism, and one at least has realized her ambition and is now on the staff of a paper published in India. The magazine itself was mimeographed, and though less ambitious than its successors, had no dearth of contributors or subscribers. The editors modestly likened it to the acorn "from which springs the mighty oak," and we hope that they will be pleased to know that the acorn has taken root and has begun to grow into a little tree.

The Sixth Form of 1943 felt that the time had come when the magazine should appear in more conventional form, and this was its first appearance in print. Since then each year has seen it appear with some variations in its cover-design, but otherwise following very much the pattern of its predecessors.

The years between 1940 and 1947 have been very eventful years. In 1940 we were welcoming newcomers who were taking refuge from war conditions in other countries. To most of them we said Good-bye, but we still take a warm interest in their doings, and are always delighted to have news of them. We should like to think that the N.H.S. Review, which should be a link between Past and Present, might bring them too reminders of the friends they made when they were in Victoria, and that it might be a medium through which those of us who remain at the school send affectionate greetings and our good wishes for success and happiness in the future to all who have at any time been connected with us.

—D. W. Atkins.



## THE SIXTH FORM



*Back Row, Left to Right—Shirley Third, Elizabeth Ridewood.  
Front Row—Diana Lee, Meg Jones, Nira Waude.*

MEG JONES—Head Girl, has been with us for eleven years. She is Captain of Walsingham, also Hockey Captain.

DIANA LEE—Captain of Caister, came from England in the summer of 1940 and has been with us ever since.

ELIZABETH RIDEWOOD—Captain of Basketball, has been with us for five years, and we are sorry that she is the last of the Ridewood sisters.

NINA WAUDE—Captain of Wymondham, has been at N.H.S. for four years.

SHIRLEY THIRD—Head Boarder, though she has been here only two years has succeeded in gaining a place on both the hockey and basketball teams.

With school behind them these five feel that the future is a little obscure. No one is quite sure what she is going to do next. Each thinks that the matric results will have a rather obvious bearing on her choice of a career. The School Magazine of '48 or '49 will probably supply more detailed information.



## School News

### HENRY V

On the afternoon of Tuesday, December 3rd, we all went to see the film of Henry V at the Oak Bay Theatre. We had been eagerly waiting to see this performance for a long while, as we had heard so much about it from England. It is not necessary to put into words how marvelous we thought it was. The period costumes which were perfection down to the smallest detail closely co-incided with our conceptions of what they had actually been. The whole atmosphere of the production was a clever combination of Shakespeare's play and what is believed to have been the actual life of the Fifteenth Century. The scenes of London, and the Globe Theatre especially, were most interesting; it is our sincere hope that this play returns again and that many more of its kind are produced as soon as possible.

### SYNTHETIC TEXTILES

One afternoon at the beginning of May, we attended a very interesting lecture given by the representative of Lever Brothers, Miss Wolfrey, on the subject of Synthetic Textiles. Miss Wolfrey showed us samples of these modern materials, most of which are not yet on the market; and she told us how important is the handling and care of them. We learned also that we are to prepare for the future with dresses that will not crush, curtains that will not shrink, chair covers that can be washed without being removed, bathing suits that remain dry, and last but not least, peanut skirts and fish-bone blouses—meaning of course that the protein necessary for the material was obtained from these substances.

### N.H.S. OLD GIRLS' ASSOCIATION

In the absence of the officers of the Association, we have collected items of news about some of its members. We should like to remind all Old Girls that we welcome letters from them and are glad to receive accounts, short or long, of their doings.

Among the scholarship successes of the past year we must include the following:—



Joyce Buchanan, Diane Arnison and Patricia Lloyd passed the University Entrance in June, 1946, and entered Victoria College in September, 1946. Diane and Patricia passed their First Year Exam this year, and Joyce Buchanan gained Second Class Honours. Nancy Grant, also a successful member of the 1946 Matriculation Class, is now studying at the House of Citizenship in London, where she is having a wonderfully interesting time. Katherine Anderson obtained second class honours in the second year at Victoria College. Sheila Stewart in her third year at U.B.C. also obtained second class honours. Margaret Westinghouse graduated at U.B.C. with second class honours and received her B.A. Degree.

Mary Robertson has completed her third year at Macdonald College in Home Economics, and is doing practice-work in Dietetics at the Jubilee Hospital. Anne Robertson has completed her second year at Macdonald College, and in the Autumn Term was awarded the Gold Medal given by Dr. John Todd for Physical Drill and Exercises. This award had been made on previous occasions to two Norfolk House Old Girls, Jean Mayhew and Mary Robertson.

Pam Mitchell who took her degree at U.B.C. in History with First Class Honours in June, 1946, was subsequently awarded a scholarship in History at Bryn Mawr University. This year, Pam took her M.A. Degree at Bryn Mawr. During the summer, Pam is going to attend an International Youth Conference at Prague, and on her return will study at the London School of Economics.

Old Girls who on receiving their discharge from the Services after the war have returned to their studies include Frances Watt and Betty Carr who have completed their year at Victoria College with honours. Molly Horsfield is taking a course at U.B.C. in Agriculture, and is working during the summer at the University of Manitoba.

Ruth Griffiths writes from the Middlesex Hospital where she is a nurse in training. She tells of meeting Joy Wehan in London. Joy has been studying at Queen's College, Harley St. Aileen O'Halloran left Washington last year on a visit to India. She is now on the staff of "The Statesman" at New Delhi.

Joan Forbes writes from Hong Kong. She received her discharge from the W.A.A.F. and is now working as a civilian on the staff of the Commander-in-Chief of the Pacific Fleet.

Mrs. Proudlock (Wendy Young) writes from Germany, where her husband is in the B.A.O.R.

Rachel Jukes is visiting in England and in Europe. She enjoyed her winter sports in Switzerland and was in Paris when we last heard of her.

Denise Mara has continued her musical studies in Toronto and has been heard over the radio in C.B.C. programmes.



Valentine Harlock has been visiting in New York and other cities in the United States. In New York she met Primmie Adamson who has been taking an Art Course there.

Mary Marsh is a nurse-in-training in Port Elizabeth, South Africa.

Ann Thompson is a nurse-in-training at Queen Mary's Hospital, Hong Kong.

Joy Munday and Joan Willsher are studying at the Vancouver School of Art.

Patricia Fitzpatrick is working in Vancouver in connection with the Vancouver Branch of the Canadian Red Cross Society.

Margaret Izard is Occupational Therapist at the Jubilee Hospital.

Ruth Solly is in the Canadian Bank of Commerce. Jane Ridewood is in the Bank of Montreal. Betty Lou Horton is Occupational Therapist at the Jubilee Hospital.

### BIRTHS

Thompson—Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Thompson—twin sons.

Hansen—Mr. and Mrs. L. Hansen (Miss Kirk)—a daughter.

Hood—Mr. and Mrs. John Hood (Wendy Baillie)—a daughter.

Mara—Mr. and Mrs. John Mara (Mary Worsley)—a son.

Wheelock—Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Wheelock (Ann Ridewood)—a daughter.

Elsdon — Mr. and Mrs. Monty Elsdon (Barbara Wells) — a daughter.

Wells—Mr. and Mrs. Jack Wells (Peggy Garrard)—a daughter.

Child—Mr. and Mrs. John Child (Cynthia Johnston)—a son.

Groos—Commander and Mrs. Harold Groos (Betty McIntosh)—a son.

Izard—Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Izard—(Cynthia Musgrave)—a son.

Pinhorn—Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Pinhorn (Betty McMurray)—a son.

Field—Mr. and Mrs. Charles Field (Dorothy Campbell)—a son.

Drought—Mr. and Mrs. H. Drought (Miss Moore)—a daughter.

### MARRIAGES

Mackenzie - Beaumont — Kythe Mackenzie - Flight Lieutenant W. Beaumont.

Gillespie-Hammond — Rosanna Gillespie-Herbert Hammond.

Douglas-Henshaw—Joan Douglas.

Corner-Black—Catherine Corner-Roy Blackwood.

Hall-Hedley—Patricia Porter-John Hedley.

Garrard-Hutchings—Norma Garrard-Graeme Hutchings.





*Back Row, Left to Right*—Louanne Glatz, Diana Lee, Terry Castle, Meg Jones (Capt.), Annette Cabeldu, Elizabeth Ridewood.  
*Front Row*—Ann Maclean, Shirley Third, Rose Plant, Sheila Johnson, Sydney Waude, Huda Gardiner (Caroline Pauline, absent).

## HOCKEY

Thanks to Mrs. Cheetham's help and the coaching and encouragement given us by Mr. Gerry when he came on Thursdays, our hockey improved considerably this year. Many intermediates, who were termed promising players at the end of last season, became dependable members of the team, and played up well in all matches.

On Nov. 16th Strathcona Lodge invited our team to Shawnigan to play against their First Eleven. It was an exciting game and they won by four goals to one. We were sorry a return match could not be arranged. Shortly before the end of the season, we exchanged practise matches with Oak Bay High School. In both games we tied with no score.

The Bridgman Cup matches took place at the Oak Bay High School on March 23rd. The eight teams competing were Queen Margarets, Strathcona Lodge, Norfolk House, Victoria, Oak Bay, Esquimalt and Mount View High Schools, and Victoria College. These were divided into two groups of four, and we were drawn to play Strathcona Lodge, Mount View and Oak Bay High Schools. We defeated Strathcona 3-0, tied with Mount View, 0-0, and for the third time in succession tied with Oak Bay High School, again with no score.

*(Continued on page 38)*





*Back Row, Left to Right—Terry Castle, Meg Jones, Annette Cabeldu.  
Front Row—Shirley Third, Sydney Waude, Elizabeth Ridewood (Capt.), Shirley Womersley, Diana Lee.*

## BASKETBALL

This year we were fortunate in being able to start basketball early. Mrs. Knight aroused great enthusiasm and there was close competition for places on the team. Although we had no successes in the practise matches which we played against St. Margarets and Oak Bay High School, we gained in experience and enjoyed them thoroughly.

The culmination of our efforts came on February 15th, when the team went to Vancouver at the invitation of York House to take part in the Annual Round Robin, held at the Canadian Memorial Hall. We should like to thank York House for making our visit such an enjoyable one. Last year four schools competed for the shield, this year two more were added to the number—Strathcona Lodge and Queen's Hall. Our congratulations go to Strathcona Lodge who carried off the honours of first place, winning the much coveted shield. With two victories to our credit against St. Margarets and Queen's Hall, we came fourth.

The results of the games were:—

- |                        |                     |
|------------------------|---------------------|
| 1st. Strathcona Lodge. | 4th. Norfolk House. |
| 2nd. Crofton House.    | 5th. St. Margarets. |
| 3rd. York House.       | 6th. Queen's Hall.  |

*(Continued on page 38)*



# Sports Day

The Sports on Friday, May 23rd, were an outstanding success. We had a perfect day, warm and windless, and there seemed to be more visitors than ever before. This year all the girls wore green shorts which produced a uniform effect and were much admired. The events began with the Obstacle Races. Among other things we had to add numbers, eat dry crackers, hop over benches and other obstructions, and finally find our shoes in a mountain of identical ones. The Sack Races produced the usual tumbles, and then came the more serious events. The Running Races were interesting to watch and some good sprinting was seen in the 220-Yard Dash. Two new features were the Horse Race and the Donkey Race for the Kindergarten which were as much fun to watch as to take part in. The events which required the most skill and practise were the Basketball Competition, the High Jump, and the Long Jump. There were more entries this year for the Mother's Race than any other race, it had to be run off in three heats. Perhaps the Father's Race was the most ludicrous; they had to balance "Anne of Green Gables" or "The Girls Own Annual" or some other suitable book on their heads, and run (or try to) up the field.

Tea was served in the Gym this year. The ribbons were given on the field after each race, which proved to be a very popular arrangement as it enabled the girls to see who won, and how many points had been gained for their House.

The Judges were Mr. Johnson, Mr. Petter and Mr. Wainwright. Miss Tucker started the races. Mrs. Galambos was the recorder, and Mrs. Hebbert gave out the ribbons.

Everyone was delighted to welcome Miss Tucker back, and Mrs. Cheetham was as usual of invaluable help to everybody.

At the close of the Sports the Cups were awarded on the field by Miss Atkins.

Winners of the events were:—

100-Yard Flat Race	- - - - -	Annette Cabeldu
100-Yard Flat Race Intermediate	- - - - -	Anne Maclean
75-Yard Flat Race (Junior)	- - - - -	Josephine Ellis
Mother's Race	- - - - -	Mrs. Ridewood
Father's Race	- - - - - Mr. Johnson and Mr. Burridge tied	
Old Girls' Race	- - - - -	Mrs. Child
Obstacle Race (Senior)	- - - - -	Nita Anderson
Obstacle Race (Junior)	- - - - -	Yvonne Christian
High Jump (Senior)	- - - - -	Terry Castle
High Jump (Intermediate)	- - - - -	Huda Gardiner
High Jump (Junior)	- - - - -	Carroll Butler
Long Jump (Senior)	- - - - -	Terry Castle
Long Jump (Intermediate)	- - - - -	Huda Gardiner
Long Jump (Junior)	- - - - -	Carroll Butler
220 Yards (Open)	- - - - -	Annette Cabeldu

(Continued on page 38)



## SPORTS DAY

Sports is the school's most gala day,  
The flags are flying in bright array.  
The morning is spent in getting ready,  
(At the end our nerves are far from steady).  
The rooms are stripped of every chair—  
They are put on the field for the great affair.  
Sawdust is sprinkled in the jumping pits  
And mistresses practically burst their wits  
Thinking up horrors for the obstacle race.  
The juniors are as good as gold  
Doing all that they are told.  
They print the programmes, draw them too,  
In red and yellow, black and blue.  
They hope their mother will be the one  
To get the programme when it's done.  
The seniors decorate the gym—  
Heave the benches with vigour and vim,  
Hang the paintings on the wall,  
Polish the cups and do it all  
Chattering and giggling for all they're worth  
Bubbling over with excited mirth.  
By half-past twelve the work's all done,  
The field's all ready for the fun.  
The mistresses are nigh distraught  
With expectancy the air is fraught.  
At two o'clock the cars arrive,  
And soon the curly winding drive  
Is filled with shiny streamlined cars  
And the field resounds with loud hurrahs  
As the Kindergarten pant and pound,  
Covering very little ground.  
The whistle shrieks and the seniors dash  
Up the field—quick as a flash.  
The strong white tape held tight and taut  
Occupies their every thought.  
Then the sack-race is proclaimed—  
And all contestants sacked and named.  
They fumble and falter on the grass  
Like fish out of water, and soon alas  
Collapse in a heap, and fill their ears  
With the raucous laughter and hearty cheers  
The crowning event is the obstacle race,  
And the seniors rapidly losing face  
Stumble in sacks to a box of shoes  
Try in vain to find who's whose.  
And worming their way through rubber tires  
Puffing and blowing like outbound flyers,



They crawl through nets, back to front  
And then perform another stunt—  
They swallow a biscuit dry as bran,  
Then whistle O Canada if they can.  
Hot and dishevelled they arrive at last,  
Thankful that all those horrors are past.  
But for the mothers they're just beginning  
If the mother's race they want to be winning.  
By their dear young hopefuls they're forcibly goaded  
With eggs and spoons they're quickly loaded.  
They kick off their shoes and off they go—  
They're a perfect scream—they steal the show.  
Fathers, brothers, old girls too,  
Have their race. Then what do they do?  
Go for tea into the school  
While their hungry children outside drool,  
Bribing a parent now to make  
Them a present of a piece of cake.  
Fathers appear with pockets laden  
For their light athletic little maiden.  
The greedy vultures snatch and grab,  
Then descend to the cloakroom with a slab  
Of cake and pocket fluff.  
When tea is over all surge to the court  
To watch the most showy difficult sport.  
The high-jump now is in full swing  
And cameras click as contestants fling  
Themselves right over the bamboo rod  
And land in the soft sawdust and sod.  
As the rod goes up the sun beats down,  
The mothers wear hats, the children get brown.  
There's a holiday feeling in the air today,  
Tomorrow is the twenty-fourth of May.  
Tired and happy at last they go  
Into the gym for the end of the show.  
More tired than their children, the mothers collapse  
Onto the benches and then perhaps  
Sufficiently rouse themselves to admire  
Their children's painting of a fire.  
Into the gym the girls now troop,  
According to houses they make a group.  
They're full of buns and try to see  
Where their mothers happen to be.  
The prizes are graciously given and got  
Cups and ribbons make up the lot.  
The parents, the teachers, the houses we cheer,  
Within two minutes the gym is clear.  
The fun is over for another year.

—E. Pepler, VIb.



## JULY'S ELF

In and out of the grasses tall,  
Comes somebody creeping, tiny and small.  
He dances about and roams by himself—  
That sly little creature—named "July's Elf".

He's cute and he's funny, but oh very sly!  
He gets free rides as the wind travels by.  
He's never around the pantry shelf—  
That sly little creature—named "July's Elf".

He throws stones at crows, and also at hogs.  
He's always teasing the new baby frogs.  
He thinks it's funny and he's proud of himself—  
That sly little creature—named "July's Elf".

He's turned a chipmunk out of its house,  
He even spanked a little field mouse.  
Folks think he's naughty—I do myself—  
That sly little creature—named "July's Elf".

—Shaen Patterson, IIIa.



## PICTURE OF A PINE

Like a crooked old man with a walking cane,  
A tall bent shadow on the window pane.

A silhouette on the rippling lake,  
What a lovely picture the pine would make.

A piece of music, a woodland song,  
To warn the birds  
"Don't tarry too long in the boughs of the crooked pine."

The green boughs swaying in the restless breeze,  
Are beckoning to the bird who sees.  
This is the picture we would see, of the swaying woodland pine.

—Jill Barclay, IVb.





## KRUGER NATIONAL PARK

The game reserve is a tract of land covering a hundred and fifty square miles put aside by the South African government as a home for animals. Here all creatures are perfectly free. The law forbids any trapping or shooting within the reserve boundaries, and by some mysterious sixth sense the animals know this.

When the deer shooting season is on, the springbok, gazelle, and wildebeest, as well as other species of buck, arrive in groups at the game reserve. Here they remain till it is safe for them to return to their own special feeding grounds.

Well-kept roads run through the reserve, thus making it possible for visitors to drive around and see a great deal of the animal life. One can also stay a day, or even a week, there; for little groups of cabins are found nestling by the wayside.

The game reserve is, to my mind, a very exciting place. Not only do you find there all kinds of deer, but also the more dangerous animals, such as the lion, leopard and panther. In some instances these creatures have been known to scare or even kill people who have been just a bit too daring for their own good. One man who got out of his car to take a picture of a lone lion never lived to regret it; but such cases are few and far between.

In the reserve rivers crocodiles and hippopotami are found, and in the overhanging trees busy tailor-birds make their nests.

The South African birds are very beautiful, and many of them can be found in the reserve. The bird of paradise is, I think, one of the most striking. The body of this bird is about nine inches long—but its tail is its exquisite feature. About three times the length of the body, it droops in a gaily-coloured arc to the ground. In fact it is so heavy that the bird can only fly three to five feet above the ground, and, even then, very slowly.

The game reserve in my thoughts always stands out as a brilliant memory, and so it will to all those who have seen it.

—Shirley Ann Finch, Vb.



## A MESSAGE TO GARCIA

One June day, a little girl named Anne was playing in the garden. Suddenly her mother called and asked her to take an empty shopping basket down the lane to a friend who had something to send them.

Anne started out, but along the way she saw so many lovely flowers that she stopped to pick them, and soon forgot why she was there.

When the basket was full of flowers, she took it to her mother who said: "It was kind of Mrs. Jones to send us these."

Later, Mrs. Jones phoned and said, "I've been waiting for Anne all this time, and as the ice cream wouldn't keep any longer, I had to give it to the Jacksons' little girl.

Anne's mother said to her "I'm not going to scold you, but instead, I'll tell you a story." A man called Rowan took a very important message to Garcia in Cuba. He was not allowed to write the message down as it was a secret one from the Government of the United States, and it took him six weeks to find Garcia.

"Could you have taken the message to Garcia? I'm afraid not."

—Carol Van Wyk, IIIb.



## KNIFED IN THE DARK

Swish, swish. Jack awoke suddenly, and sat up listening to the unusual sound. Below his bunk, in the subdued red glow from the fire, the brown, wrinkled face was easily seen. He was busy in the firelight rubbing and polishing a thin, shining object.

Cautiously Jack raised himself and leaned over, trying to get a better view. Then his stomach seemed almost to turn over. was cleaning a knife!

Now, he had finished. Up he stood, and, putting the blade between his teeth, made his way carefully to the bunk. In a few breathless seconds, his feet were scuffling softly at the rungs of the ladder. Jack lay still, frozen with fear, and closed his eyes. "Better to die with one's eyes closed," he thought; but opened them as suddenly the next moment, he felt the leaning across him.

with cat-like movements, paused, raised the knife, and, with a sudden slicing stroke, cut into the darkness over Jack's head. In another moment, there fell from the rafters above, a smoked ham.

—Janet Henderson, IVa.



## LIFE IN THE CARIBOO

The life that many ranchers live  
 Is quite a happy one.  
 There's lots of work and things to do  
 As well as having fun.

They're up and about so early  
 That they chase the sun from bed;  
 For they have to see to the pigs and cows,  
 And make sure that the horses are fed.

Back they come for their breakfast,  
 Then they wash the dishes clean;  
 And away to the yard they go running,  
 To hitch up the old work team.

Out in the fields, they are pitching,  
 Cocking and stacking hay.  
 Driving the team and making stooks,  
 Till the end of a long, hard day.

At night the moon is rising  
 Beyond the dusky vales,  
 A cowboy's guitar is strumming  
 The songs of the Cariboo Trails.

—Sydney Waude, Vb.



## NO WONDER THERE ARE WARS

"Is this School Mag. worth a dollar?"  
 Asked a stingy little scholar.  
 "It is very well compiled,"  
 Replied a loyal little child.  
 "But if there's anything of yours  
 It isn't worth a cent," she roars.  
 (No wonder there are wars.)

—Erica Pepler, VIb.



## MY BURGLAR

I rushed out of the door of the house, my hat in my hand, my purse open. I scrambled into the taxi, put my hat on, shut my purse and settled down. I was going to a club meeting and it was to start in five minutes.

At the entrance to my club, I alighted from the taxi and paid the driver. I had no more than got inside when the meeting began. It was not very interesting, and I found my mind wandering back to my house. I wondered if I had left the iron on? I finally decided that I had turned it off, but something still bothered me. However, over coffee and sandwiches and the usual club "chit-chat", I soon forgot my worries.

It was ten thirty when the taxi pulled up in front of my house. I stepped into the hall and heard a noise; it was a man's voice saying, "Leave the jewels here while I sort through the silver."

I thought of my ruby paper weight and of my precious gold ash tray. I stole cautiously down the hall. The telephone was upstairs. If only I could get to it without being heard, I would 'phone the police.

Taking my shoes off, I started up the stairs,—every stair seemed to creak! Finally, I got to the telephone. With my hand on the dial I listened, for the burglars were still talking. It was difficult to hear above the pounding of my heart; but, suddenly, quite loudly and distinctly these words rang out: "Tune in again next week to the thrilling adventures of the 'Green Hornet'".

—Ann MacLean, Vb.



## THE TRAP

It was night when he came out of his shelter and walked slowly and cautiously down the wooden sidewalk, exploring its length. Being a hunted character, he was careful to peer around each corner to see if any danger was approaching. As the area seemed to be clear and safe, he soon found his way into the shadow of an enormous structure, which loomed ahead of him. From this came a delightful smell. Was it —food? He had not eaten for days! He hurried forward, forgetting for the moment any former fears, but, alas! this was his undoing. As he reached the great steel structure, there was a loud noise and he was seized in an iron grip and knew no more.

Suddenly lights came on and a voice cried, "I've got another, Dad! That makes three mice to-night."

—Janet Henderson, IVa.



## THE VISIT

The holiday cottage with its neat white fence stood by itself on the dusty road that seemed to stretch to eternity. The bit of dry veldt that lay in front of it sloped down towards a lagoon on whose brink six parched palm trees stood in dispirited silence. The lagoon itself had forgotten the former days when it was once cool and deep, for it now ran in little dry crevices down to the roaring sea a quarter of a mile away. An intense heat was feverishly burning up the countryside and glared down on the shimmering dry water tanks.

Across the dry bed of the lagoon, across the dry crackling grass, across the hard, hot road, an animal made its unsteady way. All the fear of civilization, all the fear of man and his implements, was driven out by the creature's one burning desire—water. Feebly heading for the cottage, each step an effort, came a tiny fawn-coloured bush-buck; for there, he knew, was coolness and relief. Relief from the scorching sun, relief from the growing agony that made his flanks quiver at each indrawn breath.

Blindly he stumbled up the steps and fell in the shade of the doorway. That was where Bessie, a chubby, flaxen haired baby of four, found him. She ran at once to her mother.

"Oh, Mummy," she cried, "there's a Thing lying on our doorstep."

"Mummy" put down her sewing immediately to come and see what the "Thing" was.

They gave him some of their precious water mixed with milk; they soothed and petted him, and kept him in a cool place. But it was no good. Slowly the buck's eyes glazed over; it gave one feeble struggle and then lay still, never to feel thirst again.

Bessie, who was asleep when the buck died, asked next morning where the "Thing" was.

"Darling," Mummy carefully explained, "he's gone. You see, he only came on a visit; and now he has gone back to his proper home, where the grass is green and the rivers run cool and deep."

Bessie, who has since then grown up (now being seven years old) knows where the buck went to. But sometimes, especially on a hot day, she and the "Thing" will romp together in dreamland, where the grass is green and the rivers run cool and deep.

—Shirley Ann Finch, Vb.



## SAILOR'S DELIGHT

The sky in the west was a vivid flame and the identical peaks of Twin Mountain rose out of the sea enveloped in a mellow rose-gold. The sea was pink under the brilliant sky, the rhythmic rise and fall of its swell rocked the earth to sleep. Gradually, the vivid colours faded, leaving pastel shades of mauve and gold, which slowly waned, until the Angel of Darkness spread her black velvet cloak across the heavens. A curlew called from the marsh, then silence; the world slept.

—Caroline Pauline, Vb.



## THE PESTS OF SOCIAL LIFE

Well, to begin with, you are engrossed in an exciting book when someone rings the bell. One, two, three, and suddenly you come to. "What, someone at the door?" You rush,—maybe it's your husband, maybe your best friend, maybe a telegram—The door opens: "May I interest you in our modern brushes? This one's for nails and . . ."

Then there's the Movie fiend. You are looking at your favourite actor, the climax is approaching, then, blank! Someone just had to see the whole screen by leaning across your line of vision. Crunch, in your ear, candy popcorn, peanuts. Oh!

In a crowded bus you often come across a plump woman who is under the impression that she's thin. She won't move down, or, if she's swinging on the strap, she stumbles. "There goes my pie again!"

Butter!! Everyone runs helter-skelter. Now you are at the counter and just ahead a woman is shoving her way through the crowd using both elbows and her tongue. "I am in a hurry, I am a very sick woman. Let me through!" Quite by accident the little man next to her trips and she turns on him. "Don't push, don't push. I am being served now."

As for dancing, well! For once you manage to keep in step and you're having a wonderful time, gliding about, not a thought in your head,—then, suddenly, at the most critical moment, Oh, your pet corn!

So goes life.

—Huda Gardiner, Vb.



## THE DOG SHOW

On February 13th, 1947, at seven o'clock in the Lower Crystal Garden Ballroom, the Victorian Order of Nurses held an amateur dog show for our pet canines. The competition was keen and the show lasted three hours.

Mrs. Cheetham took Bargy, our school dog, a Keeshound. Bargy took two first prizes: one for the best dog entered for the first time, and the other for the best Keeshound.

Felicity and Erica Pepler took their Pekingese, Peng Wee, who not only won three first prizes but also two second prizes, and, in addition had the honour of being acclaimed the best toy dog in the show.

Last, but not least, my own little wire haired puppy won a prize.

—Rose Plant, Vb.



*In and Out of School*





## FROM THE CLASSROOM

The trouble about the money lenders in India is that their rates of interest are so absorbent.

One small child to another—"We've got a new cat." "Oh, is it a Persian?" "Yes, it purrs all the time."

Who said "Too many books spoil the broth?"

Arithmetic Teacher—"What is meant by overhead expenses?"

Bright Pupil—"The electric light bill."

Miss Atkins to a very small boarder: "Would you like to play a game of Patience with me?"

Child: "No, thank you, I can play Bridge now and other complicating games like that."

Matric. Student on the eve of her Xmas Maths exam.: "Mrs. Cheetham, would you please tell me what I have learnt in Algebra this term?"

What budding young historian announced that after the Crusades, Saladin allowed the Pilgrims to come to Jerusalem to *pry*.



## A WELL PICKED BONE

I hope you will permit me  
To pick a well picked bone  
Concerning folks who gurgle  
"My HOW that child has grown!"

I must acknowledge that it's true,  
But how I hate that line.  
I try to smile with sweetness from  
My height of five feet nine!

—Janet Henderson, IVa.

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## TRYING TO WRITE FOR THE SCHOOL MAGAZINE

### I

The mistress into the schoolroom strides  
And all the noise and talk subsides  
As she takes her place at the desk, and says:  
“As there are only two more days  
In which to write for the magazine,  
I thought we would change from our routine,  
And I shall give you this lesson to-day  
For writing a suitable essay.”

### II

There are heard in the room some audible sighs,  
While someone enterprisingly tries  
To compose, instead of prose, some verse,  
And soon finds that it turns out worse  
Than if the usual she had done,  
And to write a story had begun.

### III

The time seems to be passing fast,  
And she mustn't maintain her name of the past,  
For her name had NEVER been  
Under a tale, in the school magazine.  
But with a great effort, she finally wrote  
“The story of the Laughing Coyote.”

### IV

In a few minutes the school bell goes,  
And the mistress tells all, their books to close,  
And someone goes 'round their work to collect  
That the teacher may all mistakes correct.  
Then, “For homework, learn lines,” she curtly advises,  
As she picks up her books, and slowly arises.

### V

It is now recess, and outside,  
Our one clever girl says to all, with pride,  
“Did YOU find it difficult to write?  
My troubles are always so very slight,  
I always think it is such fun  
To think, as an authoress, I have begun.”

### VI

A month or so later, the magazine comes  
And our authoress to the editor runs  
And asks for her copy, that she may gloat  
Over her clever anecdote.  
But alas! It is just as it always has been—  
Her story is NOT in the school magazine.

—Sheila Johnson, Va.

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## TRUTH IS STRANGER THAN FICTION

An army veterinary surgeon stationed at Quetta, Baluchistan, went on leave to one of the Indian States. The local Rajah had a collection of valuable elephants.

One day a native rushed up to the house in which the "vet" was staying and requested that the "Sahib" go at once to the elephants' stables. Apparently the Rajah's vet. was away and one of the Rajah's favorite elephants was sick; the complaint was thought to be constipation.

The vet. knew nothing about elephants, for his job in the army was concerned only with horses and mules; but he said that he would go, and do what he could. With him he took a BAG of Epsom Salts, which he thought would be the best medicine in proportion to the dose adequate for a human being.

On his way he met an acquaintance who said he knew all about the maladies of elephants, as he had been in charge of a large estate in Burma on which the massive beasts were employed in large numbers to haul heavy loads. When the army vet. told the "expert" what was supposed to be the matter with the "patient" and added that he was taking a bag of Epsom Salts, the statement was greeted with shouts of laughter. On inquiring for the reason for this unseemly hilarity he was informed that anything approaching such a huge dose would most certainly result in fatal consequences to the Rajah's favorite, since one TEASPOON was a large dose for the delicate inside of any elephant!

—Penelope Braide, Va.



## SUMMER RAIN

Like the strain of fairy voices  
In the darkness of the night,  
Falls the cool refreshing rain  
On the parched and thirsty leaves.  
Softly it kisses  
The weary sleeping flowers;  
Quietly it whispers  
To the still and silent trees—  
"Let me soothe your burning brows,  
For to-morrow comes the sun."

—Diana Lee, VIa.

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### SPRING FLOWERS

Graceful little Iris,  
Growing in the sun,  
How I long to see you  
When my day is done.

Pretty golden Daffodils,  
Growing everywhere,  
Yellow as the sunshine,  
Waving in the air.

Dainty little Pansy,  
Sweetest of the flowers,  
Coming in the month of May,  
After April showers.

Iris, Tulip, Rose,  
Poppy, Crocus, Lily,  
How I wish that you could stay,  
And never have to go away.

—Lynette Parker, IVb.



### DEVOTION

The dog lay by his master's side,  
As dusk was falling at eventide,  
And the moon fell on the whispering stream  
Murmuring words as though in a dream:  
"A faithful dog is a man's best friend  
For he's loving and true until the end.  
When the end does come and he's all alone,  
He will not want his ball or his bone,  
Or to lie by the fire in the sitting room,  
He would rather be by his master's tomb."

—Penelope Braide, Va.

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## A FOREST, A HILL AND A LAKE

A forest stood all around a lake and hills rose up and carried the forest with them.

A breeze began blowing and in it swayed the trees.

The lake laughed and ran rippling to the shore.

The sun spilled on to the lake and broke into a million pieces.

Everything was happy.

Through the forest, over the hill, to the lake, came a *man*.

The *man* looked at the swaying trees.

He thought—"How wide and still they are. How beautiful!"—in number of board feet.

A lone pine tree stands white and bare of needles, like a fish bone standing on end.

The forest floor is charred and full of stumps.

The white tree has no companions.

The lake is filled with dead bodies of pines.

Everything is sad.

—Virginia Dean, VIb.



## QUIETLY MY CAPTAIN WAITS

Quietly my Captain waits  
He waits beneath the deep,  
Underneath the hungry straits  
He lies, contentedly asleep.

Quietly my Captain waits  
He waits beneath the sea,  
He waits 'till Heaven's Gates  
Are opened wide to me.

—Caroline Pauline, Vb.

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## La Hongrie.

Aujourd'hui j'ai reçu une lettre de mon ancienne domestique à Budapest. Dans sa lettre elle m'a envoyé des nouvelles de quelques-uns de mes amis et des détails sur la destruction de cette belle ville que j'aime tant.

Il m'a toujours semblé que Budapest était la plus belle ville du monde. Quand je l'ai vue pour la première fois, j'avais déjà visité Londres, Paris, Montréal, et New York, mais aucune de ces autres villes ne m'a attirée comme Budapest l'a fait. Elle me paraissait si belle que je me suis décidée à y passer ma vie.

La ville de Budapest est composée de deux villes, Buda et Pest sur la rive du Danube. Pest est la ville moderne où se trouvent les cafés, les boîtes de nuit, les théâtres, et les magasins. A Buda il y a la vieille ville fondée par les anciens Romains. Après la chute de Rome, une bande déchaînée de brigands a envahi les plaines de la Hongrie, s'étant établis sur la rive du Danube où se trouvait un ancien fort romain. Ils ont nommé cet endroit Buda en l'honneur de leur chef. Plus tard on a transformé le vieux fort en château royal et le chef en est devenu le roi. Pendant le dix-huitième siècle, la reine Marie Thérèse a fait rebâtir le château en un palais vraiment royal. Comme j'aimais me promener dans les jardins de ce magnifique palais quand j'habitais Budapest! Près du Palais, il y avait tout un petit village de vieilles maisons turques, car les Turcs avaient occupé la Hongrie pendant deux cents ans avant d'en être chassés par les Hongrois, et pendant ces deux cents ans, ils aimaient aussi demeurer à Budapest. Ces maisons d'un style turc qu'ils ont fait construire près du palais m'attiraient énormément. Même les noms de leurs rues—Gul-Baba, Torok Béla—étaient une douce musique à mes oreilles. J'aimais m'asseoir sur le rempart de l'ancien fort et regarder passer les bateaux sur l'immense fleuve, les tziganes sur les quais et, au-delà, les foules pleines de gaieté sur les boulevards. Et j'aimais y écouter la musique. Il y avait toujours de la musique à Budapest. Dans les rues et dans les cafés, il y avait la musique ardente des tziganes, mais au château c'était une musique toute hongroise, avec quelque chose de sauvage et de plaintif, une musique jouée sur un grand cor dont autrefois les Magyars se servaient quand ils mettaient en déroute leurs ennemis.

Entre Buda et Pest il y a une île appelée l'île de Sainte Marguerite. Autrefois les anciens Magyars y ont fondé leur premier monastère en l'honneur de Sainte Marguerite de Hongrie. Plus tard quand les Turcs occupaient la Hongrie ils y ont fait construire des bains à cause des eaux minérales qui se trouvaient dans l'île. Après la déroute des Turcs, les Hongrois ont transformé l'île en un beau jardin public. Comme j'aimais me promener dans ce parc aux fleurs brillantes! J'aimais m'arrêter un instant à côté d'un étang où barbotaient de tout petits enfants à la peau lisse et bronzée.

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### Le Passe-temps.

Je suis paresseuse de nature. J'aime m'installer sur une chaise au soleil dans le jardin, avec deux ou trois livres, le radio et une tasse de thé, et, j'aime y rester tranquillement pendant tout l'après-midi. Je trouve Victoria idéal pour un tel passe-temps. A Victoria, la température n'est pas assez froide pour qu'on gèle, ou assez chaude pour qu'on étouffe. De plus il y a très peu de moustiques.

Quand j'habitais Ottawa, je passais chaque fin de semaine aux montagnes du Gatineau dans le Québec, avec une amie. La beauté des arbres y'était étonnante, surtout en automne après les premiers froids. Mais en été, les moustiques nous dévoraient presque; de sorte que lire dehors tranquillement assise sur une chaise était chose impossible. Malgré tout, chaque week-end nous y retrouvait, attirées par cette beauté que tous ces méchants insectes ne pouvaient gâter pour nous.

En hiver, c'était toute autre chose. Il n'y avait pas de moustiques, par contre beaucoup de souris qui s'enfuyaient au moindre bruit. Pauvres petites bêtes timides qui étaient venues se réfugier dans notre cabane délabrée; car elle était vraiment délabrée! Nous l'avions louée pour quinze dollars par an. Elle n'avait pas de plancher, rien que des planches si mal ajustées qu'on pouvait voir par les interstices, la terre gelée et la neige chassée par le vent sous sa base. La nuit quand le thermomètre descendait jusqu'à 20 degrés F, comme il faisait froid dans notre abi! La gelée couvrait l'intérieur des murs et des fenêtres, le poêle s'éteignait et l'eau sur le poêle devenait de la glace. Même les bouteilles de lait que nous avions enveloppées de couvertures, gelaient. Quand cela arrivait j'aimais me lever de bonne heure parce qu'il me fallait dégeler le poêle. C'était un travail de patience et de ténacité. Enfin le feu craquait et bientôt nous avions de l'eau chaude pour notre toilette. Quelle joie de se laver avec de l'eau chaude dans une salle glaciale! Après la toilette c'était la cuisine; un petit déjeuner vraiment anglais: des oeufs, du lard, du miel et du café. On ne connaît jamais la joie parfaite sans souffrir et on n'apprécie jamais le confort de la vie moderne sans goûter de la vie primitive. Aussi quand je retournais à ma pension à la fin du week-end comme j'estimais les comforts de la civilisation.

### Un Pique-nique.

Aujourd'hui Bubbité et sa mère ont fait un pique-nique au bord de l'océan. Pendant des jours entiers Bubbité ne songeait qu'à ce pique-nique en énumérant à sa mère ce qu'elle comptait faire ce jour là. On aurait dit qu'elle allait préparer un véritable festin. Il y aurait de quoi manger: des sandwiches aux oeufs, du fromage, des gâteaux secs, des carottes achetées en secret la semaine passée, des cerises, et bien sur de la limonade. Imaginez donc un pique-

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nique sans limonade! Et, en effet il a fallu faire de la limonade, une pleine bouteille; et une pile de sandwiches. Bubbité voulait être sur qu'elles se régèleraient.

Arrivées à la plage avec leurs livres, leur couverture et leurs denrées elles se sont installées derrière une immense bûche qui les abritait du vent. Il faisait vraiment frais et Bubbité a regardé sa mère avec inquiétude. Elle craignait que sa mère trouve qu'il faisait trop froid et qu'elle décide de retourner à la maison. En la voyant assise enveloppée de la couverture à l'Indienne, et quand, avec un air de bien-être elle a commencé à lire, Bubbité a souri. Tout allait bien. Elle l'a comblée de baisers. Elle avait une Maman bien-aimée, la meilleure du monde, elle lui a dit.

Mais l'heure du déjeuner est arrivée. Bubbité a ouvert la boîte aux provisions. L'eau vous en venait à la bouche! "Voici la vie qui me convient" dit-elle tout en goûtant d'une laitue énorme.

"Nous sommes ici pour en profiter."

Et vraiment elle en a profité. Après avoir bien mangé, elle s'est mise à construire une maison de sable. Son modèle fini, elle s'est étendue sur le sable chaud, pendant que l'eau salée entraînait sa maisonnette; car les lapines n'aiment pas se baigner. Elle se la coulait vraiment douce le jour de son pique-nique.

Au coucher du soleil, elle a tout rassemblé lentement et à regret. Le pique-nique était fini. Il lui faudrait attendre toute une semaine avant d'en faire un autre.

Après cette petite pause je faisais une promenade tout autour de l'île, en passant par l'allée des roses où se dressait une mignonne statue de la belle et tragique reine Elizabeth, jusqu'aux murs délabrés de l'ancien monastère. Comme tout était calme et tranquille là-bas! Comme si tout le monde avait été réduit au silence par le poids des siècles; des siècles pleins de guerres, de querelles et de tristesse. Maintenant tout y était silencieux sauf le frôlement des ailes des paons éclatants qui se promenaient parmi ces ruines. A travers les arbres, on pouvait voir le théâtre d'été où étaient présentés les spectacles classiques du monde entier. Plus loin étaient des cafés avec leur orchestre de tziganes jouant des airs hongrois. Cette musique ardente et sauvage me semblait beaucoup plus belle quand je l'écoutais dans cet endroit.

De l'autre côté de l'île se trouvaient les vieux bains turcs. Quelques-uns gardaient leur ancien style—une grande coupole avec un trou au sommet par où entraient la lumière. D'autres ont été modernisés avec des étangs à l'intérieur d'un édifice, et d'autres dans le jardin. Ces étangs découverts étaient bien populaires surtout en été. Quelque fois moi aussi, je me baignais dans ces eaux

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chauffées par une nature bienfaisante. Autour des étangs qui étaient au jardin, on pouvait s'installer à une table et déjeuner en regardant les heureux baigneurs qui jouaient dans les bassins et en écoutant la musique plaintive de ce pays agréable. Comme la vie me paraissait belle à ce moment! J'aurais voulu y rester toute ma vie. Mais enfin il me fallait bien songer au retour. Lentement et à regret je commençais à me diriger vers la sortie de l'île. Sur le pont qui joignait l'île à la ville de Buda, j'avais l'habitude de m'arrêter pour jeter un dernier regard sur ce bel endroit que j'aimais tant. Je savais que derrière moi se dressaient les hauts édifices de Pest—des édifices pleins de bruit, de confusion et de gaieté. Mais je savais aussi que devant moi serpentaient les sombres rues de ma ville de Buda où bientôt je monteraï sans hâte. Je me la coulais vraiment douce alors.

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## HOCKEY

*(Continued from page 8)*

In the final match of the afternoon, Oak Bay High School defeated Queen Margarets, the holders of the shield for the past five years, in a closely contested game. The score was 1-0.

Most of the teams were stronger in defence than in attack, and the scores were low, but some good play was witnessed during the day, and all lovers of hockey are grateful to Mr. and Mrs. Bridgman for organizing this annual event. It has added considerably to the interest shown in the game in the schools of Victoria and Vancouver Island.

The Inter-house hockey matches were played at the end of March. The results were as follows:—

Caister vs. Wymondham, 2-1.

Wymondham vs. Walsingham, 3-1.

Caister vs. Walsingham, 3-1.



## BASKETBALL

*(Continued from page 9)*

The Inter-house basketball matches were played in April. The results were as follows:—

Wymondham vs. Walsingham, 8-7.

Walsingham vs. Caister, 10-2.

Wymondham vs. Caister, 10-2.



## SPORTS DAY

*(Continued from page 10)*

Senior House Relay—

1st, Walsingham; 2nd, Caister; 3rd, Wymondham.

Junior House Relay—

1st, Wymondham; 2nd, Walsingham; 3rd, Caister.

The House Cup was won this year by Walsingham with 121 points, Wymondham second with 101 points, and Caister third with 71 points.



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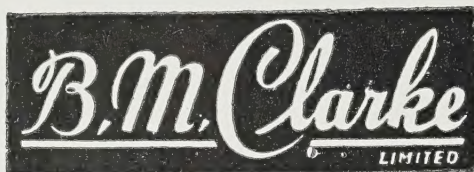
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